

Life in Palm Beach County, Florida, 1918–1928

Part I: Engineering and Farming

From Noah Kellum Williams' *Grandpop's Book*

Edited, with an introduction, by Charlton W. Tebeau

INTRODUCTION

Noah Kellum Williams was born near Parsons, Kansas, on June 12, 1879. He was the third of seven children of Nathan Williams, a pioneer farmer and school teacher, with a staunch Quaker heritage dating back seven generations to one Robert Williams who had arrived in Philadelphia in 1682. Noah graduated from high school in 1897, and from Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa, in 1902 with a B.S. Degree. He then taught one year in a college maintained by the Friends in Central City, Nebraska. The following year he went to Cuba as a non-salaried Quaker missionary, invited there by Sylvester Jones who had been the head of the YMCA at Penn College and had become the first Quaker missionary to Cuba. He turned to engineering for employment, principally the building of railroads and sugar mills in eastern Cuba.

At the end of the second year in Cuba, Birdie Fay Pickette, nineteen, of Broken Bow and Scotia, Nebraska, came alone to marry him. In 1918 the Williams' family which now included five children came to Florida by way of Key West where they spent the night in order to ride the train to Miami in daylight the next day. Sadly for them, a child, Robert, came down with diphtheria of unknown origin and died a few hours later, placing the family under quarantine.

Noah readily found employment in Florida as an engineer in swamp drainage and land development. He acquired a large house in West Palm Beach and spent the most of the next ten years in that county. His longest work project was as Chief Engineer in the building of Kelsey City, now Lake Park, a few miles north of West Palm Beach. He tried a number of other occupations, particularly farming near Pahokee and dairy farming near Monet (now Palm Beach Gardens and Jupiter). Wiped out by the collapse of the real estate boom in 1926 and the Hurricane of 1928, about both of which he wrote at some length, he ended his Florida stay in 1928 and returned for a time to Cuba where he worked with Henry J. Kaisen in the building of the Cuba Central Highway. When hard times came to Cuba he came back to Florida where his family had been living and moved them to the American West. There he worked as an engineer in Mexico, and in Nevada, Montana, Washington and Arizona. He retired at age seventy-two from the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation in 1951 and moved to Ft. Pierce, Florida. The last eleven years of his life, after the death of his second wife, he lived with his son Gordon in Miami. He died in Leesburg, Florida on January 10, 1979, just short of the century mark.

Ethel, Mrs. Gordon Williams, worked with her father-in-law on the story of his remarkably long and varied life. In 1981 Gordon published the story privately for Noah's more than 100 descendants, titling it *Grandpop's Book*. He placed a copy of the book in the Charlton W. Tebeau Florida History Collection in the University of Miami's Richter Library.

Excerpts from the reminiscences are printed here with the permission of Gordon L. Williams. For further information about the Williams family and early Palm Beach County see Gordon L. Williams, "I Remember the Everglades Mail Boat", *Tequesta* XXXVI, 1976, "The West Palm Beach That I Remember," *Tequesta* XXXIX, 1979 and "The 1926 Hurricane Meets the Jupiter Light," *Update*, August–October, 1978.

Part I: Engineering and Farming

Jobwise I was lucky. The first day I was in town I wandered around looking for a job and saw a sign “Wills and Sons and McCarthy, Contractors for the Lake Worth Drainage District.” I went up and interviewed them about a job. They didn’t need any engineers right then, but would bear me in mind. Within about an hour after our quarantine was lifted, Jake Wagen, Assistant Engineer of the Lake Worth Drainage District, came to see me. The District needed an Engineer, and the contractor had told him about me. He couldn’t pay what I was used to getting, but I didn’t expect that much in the States, and considered myself very lucky to get a job at all on such short notice, when I was a perfect stranger.

Then someone got the essence of a good idea. If they would build dams with gates in them in their main canals, they could let the surplus water run out and hold enough to keep the plant roots moist. They spent several thousand dollars to build such a dam in the Boynton Canal, their main outlet canal. It was not properly designed and lasted just eight minutes after they turned the water against it. That dampened their spirits for some time.

The State Legislature passed a law authorizing landowners to form drainage districts, elect trustees, float bonds to pay for construction works and levy taxes to pay off the bonds. The Lake Worth Drainage District extended from West Palm Beach on the north to Hillsboro River on the south — a distance of about forty miles — and from the Coastal Ridge on the East varying distances to the west — six to ten miles — and containing some hundred and fifty thousand acres.

Our Boynton Canal was the only outlet direct into Lake Worth. It had its origin in a canal running north and south on the west boundary line, and intersected three more north and south canals on its way east to Lake Worth. These four were called equalizing canals because they equalized the water level all over the District. They all four discharged, with water controls, into the Palm Beach Canal on the north and the Hillsboro River on the south. Over the entire District there were smaller east and west canals, called laterals, every half mile emptying into the equalizing canals.

In Cuba we did all our local traveling on horseback. When we got to West Palm Beach there wasn’t but one horse in the whole town and he worked on the ice wagon. A few people had automobiles, but by far the greater part rode bicycles. One of our neighbors said that West Palm Beach was the bicycle-ridingest town in the whole United States. Maybe he took in too much territory, but anyone watching the parade going to work in the morning, or returning in the evening, would not have thought so.

My young horseback riders all wanted bicycles right now. The first day I was out of quarantine, I went to town on an errand. Naturally, being in a strange place and having been cooped up for nine days, all four of them had to go along. I stopped at a bicycle shop and bought a second-hand lady's wheel. I led it home and immediately Elizabeth and Gordon both wanted to ride. To prevent quarreling, I told them they could take turns — a half hour each. Whichever one was riding, the other sat and watched the clock to make sure the rider didn't ride too long. I had to get up at four the next morning to go to my new job. That night Gordon begged me to call him when I got up next morning, so he could get an early start riding. I was gone the rest of the week, and when I came home Saturday evening, I met all four of them coming down the street on the wheel. I don't know how they ever got mounted, but Vera was riding on the handle bar, Elizabeth was standing up on the pedals furnishing the motor power, Gordon was sitting on the saddle, and Kenneth was astride the fender. I thought that was quick learning.

When I left Cuba, it had not yet recovered from the Chambelona and I couldn't sell my cane-plantation at any price. On account of the continued European war and the high price of sugar, it made a pretty quick comeback; and, in just about a year, I sold it to Bodley Anderson, my brother-in-law's brother. Then I took stock and figured up to see how I had fared financially. I went to Cuba alone and had nothing but the \$400 I had invested in land and enough cash to get me there. In fifteen years of hard work, I had acquired a wife and five children, and had added \$2,200 to my original \$400. Had I sold before the Chambelona, I would have received several thousand dollars more. Had I waited fourteen months longer to sell, I probably could not have sold at any price, as I will explain later. So, I think I was lucky to get out so nearly at the psychological moment as I did. I invested it all in the down payment on an \$8,000 home. The house was big enough so we rented rooms to tourists in winter to help make the payments.

While working with the Lake Worth Drainage District, I went before the State Board of Engineering Examiners and got my license to practice Professional Engineering in the State of Florida.

After the big Control was built, we built a smaller one farther up the same canal. I worked all over the District, staking laterals; cross-sectioning bigger canals; taking up the estimates behind the digging machines — in short, doing whatever needed doing any place — till late June, 1920.

Then I got another letter from Ames, in Cuba. That was during the time of what the Cubans later called "The Dance of the Millions." He had another sugar mill to build and offered me \$350 a month and all expenses

if I would return to Cuba as Chief Engineer and Superintendent of Construction. That was a bigger salary than I had ever had; and, as it turned out later, it was the biggest salary I ever did have. It was entirely too big to turn down. I cabled acceptance; turned in my resignation; and left for Cuba just as soon as I could close up my work and get a passport. I left the family at home.

Then I heard the bad news. The heaviest stockholder in the Company had just retired and had come to Florida to spend the winter. He wanted something to do, so had volunteered to take over the construction of the mill — gratis — and save my salary. So he was paying me two weeks salary in advance in lieu of two weeks notice, and I could consider my services as no longer required. That was a jar. The man had made his money by inventing, building, and operating coal washers in the north. He was amply competent to do the job; and, being the biggest stockholder, he was saving his own money as well as that of the other stockholders. It was a mighty fine thing for the Company, for they didn't have any too much money anyhow, but it sure hit me hard. I hadn't the slightest idea where to look for another job.

The Everglades was being drained. A few thousand acres right near the lake was dry enough to farm and some of it had been farmed in vegetables for the last three or four years. Some of these farmers had made big money, considering the small size of their farms and the amount of money invested. I decided to try farming. I rented some land and planted ten acres of beans. It didn't rain. My land was high and dry, so when my beans were ready to harvest they were short and inferior. I scarcely got enough out of them to pay expenses. I had already paid the rent for the season on that land so planted it in tomatoes. Since that land was high and dry, I decided to split my gamble, and rented some lower, wet land. I planted more tomatoes and an acre of cabbage. It was a very dry year and the water was the lowest in Lake Okeechobee it had been since they started keeping records. It was so low it hampered navigation and the War Department sent a man down there to see that all spillways out of the lake were kept closed and that the gates were opened just long enough for the passage of boats. The man did his duty all right, but he just couldn't stop evaporation, and the lake went down to the lowest level in history — up to that time.

My highland tomatoes just about dried up and didn't pay expenses. My lowland tomatoes were fine, but the price was low. I never saw finer cabbage anywhere. When it was ready to ship, I wrote to the Commission house about shipping, and they wrote me that cabbage was still coming in

from farther north. Just hold till that got out of the way. They would advise me when to ship.

When I got word to ship, I made arrangements with a sternwheel steamboat to come to get it on a certain day and haul it to Okeechobee City. I bought hampers; hired men to cut and pack it and a wagon to haul it to the beach. There was no communication and the boat didn't come. I camped right there on the beach with my cabbage for forty-eight hours before the boat finally came. It had broken down out in the middle of the lake and it had taken them that long to get it repaired. With two days out in that boiling sun, my cabbage was pretty well wilted but I shipped it anyhow, hoping to get something out of it. I did. After paying freight and commission, I got a check for just nine dollars, which didn't pay for the hampers I shipped it in — to say nothing of the labor of cutting and hauling it, land rent, and a whole season's work tending it. I let the rest of it rot in the field. My lowland tomatoes just about paid the losses on my highland tomatoes and my cabbage. A whole season of hard work and my board while doing it were gone down the drain.

As the land was being drained, new land was being cleared. It had been a long time since the Government survey. Many of the corners were lost. Many subdivisions had been made on paper but never put on the ground. Many people had a little surveying they wanted done, but getting a surveyor from West Palm Beach was such an expensive proposition for a small job, that they hadn't had it done. I got me a set of instruments and found enough work to keep me busy till I was rained out in the late summer.

The year I was in the Everglades (1922) was a year of extremes. The water sank to the lowest level in history. When it began to rain, it never stopped till the lake overflowed the whole country — just as it did before drainage began. I stayed out there till the water got too deep to get around and find corners. Seeing the extremes, I said when I left that I would never again attempt farming in the Everglades until I had water control in both directions.

Very soon after that the farmers around Belle Glade formed the Belle Glade Conservancy District; built dikes all around it and installed big two-way pumps. The same pumps that pump the water out of the fields when it is too wet, when reversed will pump the water out of the canal back into the fields. By far the larger part, if not all, the agricultural land in the Everglades is now under two way pumps. It is by far the most fertile land in Florida; and, because of its proximity to the warm water in Lake Okeechobee, it has become the Winter Food Basket of the whole eastern part of the United States and eastern Canada.

My next job was at Hialeah where the horses and dogs run. Glenn H Curtiss of aviation fame and a man named Bright were owners and promoters and Daniel Clune was Chief Engineer. Clune was a fine man to work for. I rarely saw either Curtiss or Bright, but my job there — as a whole — was more peeve than pleasure. In the first place, there was no one boarding at my boarding house but a bunch of dog chauffeurs — or would “dog nurses” be a better term? Every morning you would see them out leading about ten dogs each on leashes, giving them their morning walk. Their business was to train those dogs to chase an electric rabbit.

My next job was for H.S. Kelsey and his East Coast Finance Company. As a young man, Kelsey started in the restaurant business and made more than a million at it in a very few years. He came to Florida on a vacation; liked both the country and the climate; so bought a lot of land. He incorporated under the name “East Coast Finance Corporation”; hired a famous city planner to design a city for him; named it “Kelsey City” for himself and set out to develop both the city and his other land. He wanted several sections of his other land surveyed and I got the job. One day, in conversation with Gordon Ware, one of Kelsey’s salesmen, I was telling some of my experiences in Cuba and mentioned Ames. He said, “Why, I have met him.”

“Well, I worked for him off and on for several years, and have a fine letter of recommendation from him.”

“Would you mind letting me read it?”

“Not at all. I will bring it out tomorrow.”

After he read it, he said, “That’s a very nice letter. Do you mind if I show it to Mr. Kelsey?”

“Not at all.”

A few days later, Kelsey waited for me to come from work and told me he was going to be doing a lot of construction work there. He could use a man with the qualifications Ames had mentioned I had. Right then and there, he offered me the combined job of Chief Engineer and Superintendent of Construction. I hadn’t anything else in sight, so I, as promptly, accepted it. Along with his land, he had bought a big beautiful house fronting on Lake Worth. A few days later he invited me to move into that so I would be on the job.

There were several small houses scattered around over his land. He didn’t think they would look very well next to the nice houses he hoped his patrons would build. Every town in the South has its Negro Quarters. The first job Kelsey assigned me was to lay out a Negro Quarters just southwest of his white town; assemble the necessary equipment and move all those

houses there to sell to Negroes. I must say those houses, at a reasonable price and on easy terms, sold much faster than the lots in the white part of town.

With my house-moving and other activities, I didn't have much time for running survey instruments, so hired Harlan Kimball as my assistant. He had been two years a Lieutenant in the Philippine Constabulary, then for a time in Ceylon with an oil company. He had just returned home and was looking for a job. He was not a full-fledged engineer, but could run the instruments. He was a splendid draftsman, which I was not, so we made a very good team. For the most part, he ran the survey crew and did the drafting and I did the computing and supervising.

The town had been laid out and every lot staked before I went there, but that is flat country and the city had a few ponds in it. Kelsey told me that storm sewers cost a lot of money and asked me if we could drain the streets without them. I dug one open ditch from Lake Worth to the biggest pond, which I figured could be tiled later, then laid street grades that by just a little grading would drain the whole town into this ditch and Lake Worth. One day Kelsey told me he was having the town incorporated and was putting me down as Commissioner of Public Works. I was elected to succeed myself two years later, and held the office as long as I lived in the town. Naturally, I resigned when I moved away.

After I had been with Kelsey about a year and a half, I got a chance to trade my house in West Palm Beach for a dairy farm at Monet, about three miles north of Kelsey City. There were only forty acres of the farm but there were two or three hundred acres more fenced in that I could pasture rent free. It had a fair two-story house, two tenant houses, and a dairy barn plus sixty head of milk cows that went with the deal. It was close enough to Kelsey City that by hiring a dairy foreman I could live at the farm; do my supervising night and morning; and still hold my job down at Kelsey City.

The year 1924 has gone down in Florida history as the wettest year since the development of South Florida began. That was, also, one of the peak years of the Florida Boom. People were flocking into South Florida, literally, by the thousands. There was only one sixteen-foot road leading into southeastern Florida and no way to go across the state south of Melbourne. I was just getting my new dairy well started when the weatherman began making me trouble and he followed up by making trouble for all of southeastern Florida. My dairy and home were on an east-west, dirt road about a quarter of a mile east of the Dixie Highway. There was some very low land between the farm and the highway which became impassable

very soon after it began to rain. A very little investigation convinced me that that had happened before. There was a gate into the pasture just west of the house and another out of the pasture into the highway about a quarter of a mile north of our road with a winding car trail on the high ground between the two.

Originally, there was a sawgrass swamp of a few thousand acres between Monet, where my farm was, and the present site of Kelsey City where I worked. The swamp collected the rainfall of many thousands of acres of what is known as Flat Woods, which lay to the west. There is a ridge all around the west side of Lake Worth and on up the ocean front to the Jupiter Inlet. So the swamp swung around in a wide arc to the northeast and slowly emptied its water into the Loxahatchee River, just west of the Jupiter Inlet. The Inlet is some twelve or fourteen miles north of Kelsey City. For the Florida East Coast Canal, the engineers were looking for low ground so dug it through the east side of the north-south part of the swamp, automatically draining a part of it. When The Florida East Coast Railroad was built, the engineers searched out a narrow place and crossed it with a high fill and a pile bridge. Later when the Dixie Highway was built, they built it just west of the railroad and with similar construction. Later still, a bunch of enterprising capitalists bought all that part of the swamp which lay east of the railroad; drained it; sub-divided it and sold it to settlers under the name of Prosperity Farms. Their main drainage canal began at the railroad bridge and ran due east through the ridge and emptied into Lake Worth. They named it Earman River, for an old settler who lived nearby. When Kelsey was buying land in Florida, he bought all the unsold land in Prosperity Farms and bought out some of the farmers. He then put in a big, up-to-date dairy.

I had a Model T Ford, from which the body had been removed and replaced with a light, home-made truck body, that I used to haul my men and surveying instruments out over the Flat Woods. When we got stuck in the mud, which was quite frequently, the men would get out and cut some palm leaves. Two of them would take hold of a hind wheel and lift it up and hold it up while a third put some palm leaves under it, and we went on out. Shortly after Kelsey named me as his Superintendent, I took a blueprint of the country with his holdings marked on it and set out in my stripped down Ford to familiarize myself with what I was to superintend. Driving over one of the roads built by the Prosperity Farms Co., I came to a bridge more than one hundred feet long over a kind of estuary where a drainage canal emptied into the East Coast Canal. It was plainly marked "Condemned" at both ends. I got out; walked over it and had a good look at it. It looked

pretty rotten. I could plainly see that other cars had been over it recently so I drove over, but decided I would not do it again. It was too risky. A few days later I was riding with Kelsey in his Buick when we came to this same bridge. I said, "What? You are not going to drive over that bridge are you?"

"I drive over it every time I come this way."

"Well, there will be a last time some of these times. I won't cross it even with my stripped down Ford."

"You can get out and walk if you want to."

I did.

The above-mentioned rains became very intense. One morning on my way to work I found that the Earman River bridge had gone out during the night. That really complicated matters. I was milking fifty or sixty cows and bottling my own milk. Now this bridge was out and there was no other road; and, apparently, no possible way of getting my milk to market. Fortunately, my milk delivery man lived in West Palm Beach and had the milk truck at his home, and my little Ford was on my side of the river. I parked it beside the road; crossed the river on the railroad bridge and walked into Kelsey City. I hunted till I found a rowboat I could rent and a man to operate it. Then I flagged my milkman as he went through; told him what had happened and we loaded the boat into the truck and headed for the river.

I got permission from a farmer to launch the boat in his pasture, far upstream from the washout. We loaded the empty crates into the boat. I warned the boatman to be sure to cross the current far upstream from the washout. I told the milkman to take my Ford and haul his empty crates to the dairy and haul the milk back. If he couldn't haul it all at one trip, he could make it in two or three. I walked back to Kelsey City to look after Kelsey's work. The flood made us a lot of extra work all the way around, but, nevertheless, things moved along fairly smoothly for a few days. I always took a load of milk to the boat as I went to work, and the boatman could haul it across by the time the milkman arrived.

One morning when I reached the landing I found a plumber named Rocker, who had been working for Kelsey under my supervision, and a neighbor woman, Mrs. Whiddon, with her five or six year old son, waiting for me. They wanted to cross in the boat and ride to West Palm Beach on the milk truck. Naturally, I told them they might. While the boatman and I were loading the milk, Rocker seated himself in the boatman's seat. When we were loaded, I asked him to let the boatman have the seat. He said, "No, he was an experienced boatman and he would row it across to pay for

his ride." He knew how to row a boat all right, but he didn't have good judgment. I told him to go far upstream in the still water before starting across. As he rowed, I noticed that he was getting close to the current and asked him to pull farther from it. He was one of the smart kind who knows it all. He knew more than I, so instead of obeying me, he headed straight across the current for the other side. The current caught the boat broadside, and we went through the gap almost as if we had been shot out of a cannon. The water was too high for us to go under the railroad bridge sitting up. I grabbed the boy. Told them all to be ready to grab the bridge and get onto it. Not to bother about the boat. We could hope to catch it downstream; but, if anyone missed the bridge, he hadn't a chance in that current. By the Grace of God, we all got onto the bridge! The boat was not so lucky. It was traveling broadside to the bridge. It hit a pile bent, about two feet from the stern, with such violence that it started to capsize, then broke in two. I eventually found all my crates but some were more than two miles from the bridge. I lost 120 quarts of milk, including the bottles, both of which were high priced those days and had to buy the wrecked boat. Rocker, who caused the catastrophe, didn't pay one cent. After that we had to carry all our milk, one crate at a time, across the railroad bridge until traffic was restored.

A part of my work for Kelsey was building a golf course on the north side of Earman River, on the ridge near Lake Worth. In order to get to the golf course from Kelsey City, I built a pile bridge. I built it of light construction because I didn't think it would every have any heavy traffic and it costs less that way.

As I mentioned before, the highway bridge went out right at the peak of the Florida Boom when many thousands were trying to get into South Florida. Many turned back. Many more just camped by the roadside and slept in their cars, waiting for something to break. The cars backed up on the highway for many miles. Normal men of ambition, when they meet a road block, don't just sit down by the roadside and wait for something to happen. They begin trying to do something about it. That is just what some of these men did. They crossed the river on the railroad bridge and went downstream on the south bank till they found my bridge to the golf course. They crossed that back to the north, then began scouting for a road that would lead them back to the highway. They found that by crossing Kelsey's unfinished golf course and cutting a road through a few hundred feet of rather light brush, they could connect with the farm road that crossed the aforementioned condemned bridge. They then followed a dirt road west to my pasture and out diagonally across that to the highway.

Then began one of the strangest processions it has ever been my privilege to witness. There were many mud holes along this route where cars could not go through on their own power. The men organized in groups of eight or ten cars to the group. Then, with women at the steering wheels, the men waited beside the mud holes. When a car came by, they dropped in behind it and waded right through the mud to push it to solid ground on the other side. They then waded back to do the same for the next car. When all the cars of their group were through, they went on to the next mud hole. They came through our pasture; followed the Prosperity Farms road; went over the condemned bridge; crossed Kelsey's unfinished golf course and my lightly constructed bridge and re-entered the highway at Riviera, between Kelsey City (now Lake Park) and West Palm Beach. This procession continued all the daylight hours until the highway was reopened to traffic. We estimated that something like 2,000 cars, some of them very heavy ones, passed over that route — including the condemned bridge. My heart was in my throat every time I saw a heavy car pass over, but they all passed safely over without incident.

A few months later, Kelsey was driving over the condemned bridge in his Buick. A whole span let loose at both ends and dropped him — car and all — into five feet of salt water. As soon as I heard about it, I called him by phone and asked him if he was hurt.

“Nothing more than a severe wetting, but it sure was a queer feeling — both me and my car dropping down through space,” he replied.

His car stayed in the water several days before he could find a wrecker big enough to pull it out. He took it to a garage and had it worked over. The upholstery was all soaked up and salt water was in all the bearings. They got it so it would run but it was never much good afterward. He used it a little while and traded it in on a new car.

The Highway Department went into action as soon as they could assemble a pile driver and bridge material. The water was so deep and so swift they couldn't hold the piles in place to drive them until the rains stopped and the water went down. Seeing the Highway Department was helpless, the West Palm Beach Chamber of Commerce went into action. They went to the railroad company and got permission to build temporary bridges across the side ditches and up onto the railroad track. They then laid plank on the bridge for the cars to run on. They put a traffic cop at both ends of the bridge — twenty-four hours a day — to direct traffic and look out for trains. They ordered all trains to slow down when approaching the bridge. This arrangement continued until the water went down and the highway got its bridge built.

The dairy was making me just about as much money as my salary. Between the two I was really getting ahead. The Boom was on in earnest and real estate was moving fast! Some eight or nine months after I got my dairy going good, Kelsey said to me, "Williams, you had better let me sell your farm for you. By paying a ten per cent commission, I can get you eight hundred dollars an acre for it."

"But I don't want to sell it. My dairy is really making me money."

"Yeah. But you can milk money out of that land a whole lot faster than you can milk it out of your cows. But if you really want to milk cows, I can sell you all the land you want, farther back in the Flat Woods, for a whole lot less money. It is just as good for pasture and you will have the rest of the money to do something else with." He handed me a blueprint of a lot of the country west of there on which he checked off his land and said, "Go look at this land and then tell me what you want and I will put a price on it. I assure you it will be much less than you are offered."

I took the map and went to look the land over. A lot of the land was all right; but there wasn't a road running to any of it till you struck the Indian Town road, running west from Jupiter. A dairy must have a road to get feed in and to get milk out. Four miles west of Jupiter, Kelsey owned a half section of land — three hundred and twenty acres — with the Indian Town road running right through the middle of it. He priced that to me at one hundred and fifty an acre and told me I could take all my buildings with me. The buyer wanted my dairy land for a subdivision, and the buildings would just be in his way. I sold my land. As I couldn't depend on pasturing someone else's land, I bought two hundred and forty acres and, at once, set about to make it a dairy farm. I fenced the 160 acres north of the road and then moved one of the tenant houses. It was small but we squeezed into that while we moved the big house. Things move remarkably fast in boom times. We got the big house moved; and we had just moved in and were preparing to build the barn, when a man came along and offered me four hundred dollars an acre for the eighty acres lying south of the road. I figured that that priced land was just too valuable for pasture land so sold it to him. I, then, advertised my cows for sale. The man who bought my land paid \$2,000 cash and would pay the rest when I got him an abstract. There were so many real estate transfers that the Abstract Office was months behind with its work. My ad brought a buyer for my cows. He made a small down payment and was to pay the rest in monthly payments. I bought a new house in Kelsey City and moved back there where I would be close to my work.

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